

REMARKS

ON THE *K.H.R.*

LIFE and DEATH

OF THE

Fam'd Mr. Blood;

GIVING AN ACCOUNT

Of his

- [Plot in *Ireland*, to surprizè *Dublin* Castle.
- [Several transactions in his head-quarters in the City.
- [Rescue of Captain *Mason* at *Doncaster*.
- [Attempt on the person of his Grace the Duke of *Ormond*.
- [Seizing on the Crown and Scepter in the Tower.
- [Coming into favour with his Prince.
- [Concern about his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*.
- [Sickness, Death, and twice Interment.

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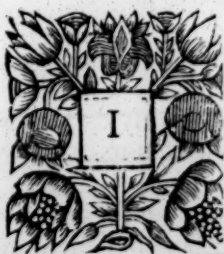
O N

Some Eminent Passages in the Life of

T H E

Famed Mr. Blood.

S I R,



Have endeavoured as far as in me lies, to satisfy your Curiosity, in reference to that account, which you were pleased to require of me, concerning the most memorable Actions of Colonel *Blood's* Life; a person who has given the world no small occasion of Discourse: wherein if I have not had the happiness punctually to answer your Expectations, you must impute it to my Justice that would take nothing upon Report and Rumours, but only

what was Dictated to me from the Mouths of one or two of his most intimate friends.

His Birth was such as gave him those advantages that usually distinguish a man from the Vulgar. For though Wit, and Parts, Courage, and Strength are not Hereditary to the Gentility, yet is it a great felicity to be born of such Parents, as are above those wants that deprive them of bestowing the benefits of Education upon their Children; and so far from the reproaches of Poverty, that they are never spoken of by the world, but with a decent and becoming Character. Such were Mr. *Blood's* Parentage, serious, honest, and of no inferior Credit, and Possessions in the Country where they lived. Which made them take that care, that their Offspring should not degenerate from the virtues and repute of his Ancestors, by forming and shaping his conditions according to the Rules of a strict and sober Education, which had that Influence upon him, as to preserve him from those Extravagancies that usually attend upon mettall'd and active Spirits. Insomuch that the Great people in *Ireland*, who at that time sat at the helm of Affairs, thought fit to put him into the Commission of the Peace before he was two and twenty years of Age. A sign they had a good opinion of his early Conduct of himself, who made him the Judge and Punisher of the Vices and Miscarriages of others.

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Nor did he fail their Expectations; for all the while he was in this Station, he won both esteem and favour of them who at that time were the chief Rulers of the *Irish* Nation, especially from *Henry Cromwel*, by whom he was look'd upon, as a person fit for employment and promotion. For indeed the main use which he made of his Authority was to assert and uphold, as much as lay in his power, the Protestant and *English* Interest in that Kingdom; in order whereunto he manag'd his zeal with that prudence, which was then look'd upon as a kind of wonder considering his years.

He Married in *England*, a young *Lancashire* Gentlewoman, the Daughter of one Mr. *Holcraft*, by whom he had several Children.

During his abode in *England* then the Stage of a Bloody and Rebellious War, he gave his Prince all the assistance his personal Valor was capable to afford him; wherein he performed several pieces of good Service.

Much about that time Colonel *Rainsborough* was slain at *Doncaster* by a party of Royalists that had made a Sally out of *Pontfrailt*, then Besieged by Sir *Edward Rhodes* and the County Forces. This was done as the said Colonel was in his Inn, with all his Myrmidons about him, upon the pretence of delivering him a Letter from *Cromwel*. Their intention was only to have taken him Prisoner, and have carried him through his own Leaguer which he refusing they pistoll'd him in his Chamber and so departed. This being a bold and desperate adventure, Mr. *Blood* was by most people adjudged the Contriver and Associate in the Enterprize; but he having so frequently disowned the Fact himself, it would be a Crime to impute the Honors of other men, to a Valour that has no need of those shifts.

Upon the Kings Restauration, Mr. *Blood* returns again for *Ireland*. But being disgusted by some hard usage, which he thought done him by the Court of Claims, who made no hast to restore him his Land that had been taken from him; whereby he saw himself stripped of all, his Wife and Children sent a begging, and himself Outlaw'd. He went to the *Irish*, *Scots*, and discontented *English*, who being just ready to brake loose, and wanting a Head, were not a little glad of his appearance; so that they not only very highly Caresed him, but having a more than ordinary Confidence in his Conduct and Prudence, they made him their General, and surrendred their Obedience to him in all things. So that now become a petty Prince, he began to put his complaints into Form, and Method, publickly to throw his Declarations abroad, and to make his demands of redrefs. Which not being answered according to their expectations, they push'd forward, believing there was no better way, than to render themselves formidable, and by that means to draw their Enemy to a good Composition. In prosecution of which design they ran themselves into a Plot for the surprize of *Dublin* Castle. For which his Brother in law, Mr. *Leckey*, who was deep in the Confederacy, being at length taken, was Sentenc'd, and accordingly Executed.

In this Tragedy happen'd something of a Comical disturbance. There was at that time to see the Execution, which is common, a confluence of above two Thousand people. At what time a rumor was spread among the people that Mr. *Blood* was coming
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with a Party to the rescue of his Brother. The people no sooner heard this, but, as there is oftentimes a vain and idle Terror that possesses the mind of the silly Multitude, consternated with some strange fury that threaten'd them, they all ran and dispers'd themselves from the Gibbet. Nay the Executioner himself left his Station and took his Flight, believing that he should be first aimed at, leaving the person that was to suffer, in the dreadful posture of a person preparing for his untimely Death, the Rope about his Neck, and no body to do the Office; so that had any thing of resistance been made, the unfortunate Gentlemans delivery had been easie.

This design was to have been put in execution the one and twentieth of May, the Duke of *Ormond* being first to have been seized. To which purpose diverse persons with Petitions in their hands were to have waited in the Castle, while about fourscore Foot, in the disguise of Handi-crafts-men waited without, whose business it was to trifle about in expectation of an opportunity to surprize the Guards. The Plot being discovered, 500 *l.* a head was proffer'd for the apprehension of the Ringleaders.

Mr. *Blood* being thereupon forced to flie for these things, made his Escape into *Holland*, where upon his continuance in those parts for some time, he became at length well known to that great and Famous Admiral, *De Ruyter*, who, though the greatest Enemy the *English* had, in respect of his Conduct and Success, which many times put a stop to the Current of their Victories, yet had that generous kindness and love for a Nation so long in a bloody Competition with his Country, that he could not choose but frequently declare it to several, but more particularly to Mr. *Blood*, whom he was pleased to admit often into his Society, and honoured with an Entertainment answerable to that respect and affection which he bore the Nation of *England*.

To whom that great Admiral was so kind as to give him an account of his own Miraculous deliverance, which a friend of mine had from Mr. *Blood's* own Mouth. Which was thus.

That renowned Person *de Ruyter* being born of mean Parentage, the greatest part of his Fathers substance being two Horses, with which he supplied the wants of his Family by the usual labour of that Country, which was about two Miles distance from *Berghen up Zome*; it happen'd that both his Fathers horses were taken from him by certain Troops of the *Dutch* Army, and carried to their Camp in *Flanders*. This loss being so considerable to *De Ruyters* Father, who thereby saw himself and his Family totally ruin'd, he made hast after them to the Camp, but finding his addresses fruitless by the delays and neglect of the Officers, he resolv'd upon a more speedy way of Reparation, which was privately to regain his own from those that had robb'd him by a more justifiable stealth. And having discovered where his horses were, he watched his opportunity, secretly conveyed them away, and carried them to a place somewhat remote from his own House.

The Soldiers missing their Booty, and concluding the Owner had them again, returned in the night with an intention to have taken them away a second time. But being disappointed, in revenge they set on fire the poor Thatch'd Cottage about the Ears of the sleeping habitant s.

In the Horror of this surprize, while the awaken'd Father, Mother, and servant, endeavour'd to save themselves by breaking through the Flames, with that care of Self-preservation, which is common to all Creatures, and which at the same time puts all the Faculties of the Memory and Understanding into a strange confusion, the poor helpless Infant, afterwards the Glory and Preserver of his Country, lay void of succour in his Swadling bands fast asleep in an upper Room. But the Mother now free her self, remembring the Danger of her only Darling, with a Masculine contempt of the threatening peril of the Enterprize, and assisted by that high Protection which saved the Children in the fiery Furnace, she threw her self through the Compassionless Flames into the house again, resolv'd to live or die with the only hopes and comfort of her life.

And so having broken through the Smoak and Flames into the upper Room she first threw the Child out at Window into a sheet, held by the Father and the Servant to receive his tender Bones, and afterwards jump'd out her self.

Thus saving from the Flames the Person, that was designed *Sala-mander-like* to spend the chieftest part of his days in Fire and Smoak. A remarkable Story concerning that great Person for which we are beholding only to Mr. *Bloods* Converse with him, as being quite omitted, or else unknown to the Author that published his Life in *Holland*.

Returning out of *Holland* into *England* he fell in with the *Fift-Monarchy-men*, resolving to venter all in the bottom of their Interest. He found them to be a bold and daring sort of people like himself, and their Principles so suting with his discontents, that he judg'd them very proper for his Management. For it was his Maxim, never to put his confidence in any that were not engag'd either by Principle or Interest to his Designs.

These people it is well known had laid a Design, not confin'd to one Quarter, but almost general all over *England*; it was said to be first contriv'd in the Bishoprick of *Durham* from whence the Contagion spread it self into *Yorkshire*, *Suffolk* and several other Countries in the West of *England*; between all which places several Correspondencies were held, and Agents employed under the binding Obligations of Oaths of Secrecy. Their pretences were the opposal of Excise, Subsidies, &c. to reestablish a Gospel Magistracy and Ministry, to restore the Long Parliament, and lastly to Curb the Gentry, Clergy, and Lawyers.

Sometime before this, at *London* sat a secret Committee, of which Mr. *Blood* was chief, to carry on some great Design, which he then had in his head (for I cannot learn that he was ever concerned in the Plot more than for his friend, as you shall hear anon) This Committee for their security, had always a private Court of Guard abroad, seldom less than thirty out a day. At this Committee all Orders were given out, all manner of Intelligence was brought, examined, and all things sifted and debated in reference to their Grand Design.

But as there seldom happens any Confederacy wherein there are not some false Brethren, two of their Gang, whether out of remorse, or for hopes of reward, had begun to make some discovery of this project

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ject at Court. But it happen'd that Mr. *Blood* who was always vigilant and active in his Affairs had got the Wind of these two Desertors, and was therefore resolv'd to prevent them if he could.

To which purpose he appoints to meet the two persons, whom he had more than reason to suspect, at a certain Tavern in the City, who were no sooner come according to their Summons, but he took them both Prisoners, and from thence carried them to a certain place of darkness, which they had found out and hired for their Convenience.

In this place Mr. *Blood* very formally calls a Court-Martial of his own, and tries the two men for their lives; who being before such judges, were soon found Guilty, and Sentenc'd to be shot to Death within two days in the same place. When the time for Execution came, they were both brought to the Stake, and being without any other hopes, were forc'd to prepare for Death. But then at the very point of despair, Mr. *Blood* was so kind as to produce them a Pardon, and so releasing and giving them their freedom, bid them go to their Master, and tell him what they had done; and withal, that they should request him in the name of the Confederates, to be as favourable to his Soldiers, when they fell under his Mercy.

But it being impossible to hold out long in these mutinous courses of life, where nothing was acted, but by the Dictates of discontent, he betakes himself to a more safe and quiet way to get a Livelyhood. To which purpose he settled his Wife and his Eldest Son in an Apothecaries shop, where they liv'd by the names of *Weston*; while he himself turns Doctor by the name of *Ayliff*, and retiring to *Rumford* practis'd Physick there for a long time.

By this time the Northern-Plot came to be fully discovered, wherein as I said before, I cannot learn Mr. *Blood* to have been any way concerned, but only in the Rescue of his Friend.

Upon the Discovery of this Conspiracy, several of the Confederates were Apprehended, Tried, and Executed. Among those that were apprehended, was one Captain *Mason*, a person for whom Mr. *Blood* had a particular affection and Friendship. This person was to be removed from *London* to one of the Northern Counties in order to his Trial at the Assises; and to that intent was sent down with eight of the Dukes Troop to Guard him, being reckon'd to be a person bold and Courageous. Mr. *Blood* having notice of this journey, resolves by the way to rescue his friend. The Prisoner and his Guard went away in the morning, and Mr. *Blood* having made choice of three more of his acquaintance, set forward the same day at night without Boots, upon small Horses, and their Pistols in their Trousers to prevent suspicion. But opportunities are not so easily had, neither were all places convenient. So that the Convoy and their Prisoner were gone a good way beyond *Newark*, before Mr. *Blood* and his friends had any scent of the Prisoner. At one place they set a Sentinel to watch his coming by; but whether it was out of fear, or that the person was tired with a tedious expectation, the Sentinel brought them no Tidings either of the Prisoner or his Guard. Inasmuch that Mr. *Blood* and his Companions began to think their friend so far before them upon the road, that it would be in vain to follow him.

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And yet not willing to give over an Enterprize so generously undertaken, upon Mr. *Bloods* encouragement they rode on, though despairing of success, till finding it grow toward evening, and meeting with a convenient Inn upon the Road in a small Village not far from *Doncaster*, they resolved to lie there all night, and return for *London* the next morning. In that Inn they had not fate long in a Room next the street, condoling among themselves the ill success of such a tedious journey, and the misfortune of their Friend, before the Convoy came thundring up to the door of the same Inn with their Prisoner; in regard that Captain *Mason* had made choice of that Inn, as being best known to him, to give his Guardians the refreshment of a dozen of Drink. There Mr. *Blood*, unseen, had a full view of his friend and the persons he had to deal with. He had bespoke a small Supper, which was at the fire, so that he had but very little time for Consultation, finding that Captain *Mason's* Party did not intend to alight: so that he only gave general directions to his Associates to follow his example in whatever they saw him do. In haste therefore they called for their Horses, and threw down their Money for the reckoning, telling the woman of the House, that since they had met with such good Company, they were resolved to go forward.

Captain *Mason* went off first upon a sorry Beast, and with him the Commander of the Party and four more; the rest staid behind to make an end of their liquor; then away marched one more single; and in a very small time after, the last two. By this time Mr. *Blood*, and one of his friends being horsed, followed the two that were hindmost and soon overtook them. These four rode some little time together, Mr. *Blood* on the right hand of the two Soldiers, and his friend on the left. But upon a sudden Mr. *Blood* laid hold of the reins of the Horse next him, while his friend in observation of his directions, did the same on the other hand, and having presently by surprise dismounted the Soldiers, pull'd off the Bridles, and sent the Horses to pick their Grass where they pleased. These two being thus made sure off, Mr. *Blood* pursues his Game, intending to have reached the single Trooper. But he being got to the rest of his fellows, now reduced to six and a Barber of *Tork* that Travelled in their Company, Mr. *Blood* made up, heads the whole Party, and stops them. Of which some of the foremost looking upon him to be either Drunk or Mad, thought the rebuke of a Switch to be a sufficient Chastisement of such a rash presumption, which they exercised with more contempt than fury, till by the rudeness of his Complements he gave them to understand, that he was not in jest, but in very good earnest. He was soon Seconded by his friend that was with him in the first Exploit. But there had been several rough blows dealt between the unequal number of six to two, before Mr. *Bloods* two other friends came in to assistance. Nay, I may safely say seven to two. For the Barber of *Tork*, whether out of his natural propensity to the Sport, or that his Pot-valiantness had made him so generous to help his Fellow-travellers, would needs shew his valour at the beginning of the Fray. But better he had been at the latter end of a Feast, for though he shewed his Prudence to take the stronger side, as he guest by the number; yet because he would take no warning which was often given him, not to put himself to the hazard of losing a Ghittar finger,

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finger, by meddling in a business that nothing concerned him, he lost his life, in regard they were forced to dispatch him in the first place, for giving them a needless trouble.

The Barber being thus become a useless Instrument, and the other of Mr. *Blood's* friends being come up, the Skirmish began to be very smart; the four assailants having singled out their Champions as fairly and equally as they could. All this while Captain *Mason* being rode before upon his thirty shilling Steed, wondering, his Guard came not with him, looked back, and observing a Combustion, and that they were altogether by the Ears, knew not what to think. He conjectured it at first to have been some intrigue upon him, as if the Troopers had a design to tempt him to an Escape, which might afterwards prove more to his prejudice; just like Cats, that with a regardless scorn seem to give the distressed Mouse all the liberty in the world to get away out of their Paws, but soon recover their Prey again at one jump. Thereupon unwilling to undergo the hazard of such a Tryal, he comes back, at what time Mr. *Blood* cried out to him, *Horse, Horse quickly.* An Alarm so amazing at first, that he could not believe it to be his friends voice, when he heard it; but as the thoughts of Military men are soon Summon'd together, and never hold *Spanish* Councils, the Captain presently settled his resolution, Mounts the next Horse that wanted a Rider, and puts in for a share of his own self-preservation. In this bloody Conflict Mr. *Blood* was three times unhorsed, occasioned by his forgetfulness, as having omitted to new girth his Saddle, which the Ostler had unloosened upon the wadding his Horse at his first coming into the Inn. Being then so often dismounted, and not knowing the reason, which the occasion would not give him leave to consider, he resolv'd to fight it out on Foot. Of which two of the Soldiers taking the advantage, singled him out and drove him into a Court-yard, where he made a stand with a full Body, his Sword in one hand, and his Pistol in the other. One of the Soldiers taking that advantage of his open Body, shot him near the shoulder-blade of his Pistol Arm, at what time he had four other Bullets in his Body that he had received before. Which the Soldier observing, flung his discharg'd Pistol at him with that good aim and violence, that he hit him a stunning blow just under the Forehead, upon the upper part of the Nose between the Eyes. Which for the present so amaz'd him, that he gave himself over for a Dead man. Yet resolving, like a true Cock of the Game, to give one sparring blow before he expir'd, such is the strange provocation and success of despair, with one vigorous stroke of his Sword, he brought his adversary with a vengeance from his Horse, and laid him in a far worse condition than himself at his Horses feet.

At what time, full of anger and revenge he was just going to make an end of his Conquest by giving him the fatal Stab. But in that very Nick of time Captain *Mason*, having with the help of his friends done his business where they had fought, by the Death of some, and the disabling others that opposed them, came in, and bid him hold, and spare the life of one that had been the Civilest person to him upon the road, a fortunate piece of kindness in the one, and of gratitude in the other. Which Mr. *Blood* easily condescending to, by the joyn't assistance of the Captain, the other Soldier was soon Mastered,

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and the victory, after a sharp Fight that lasted about two hours, was at length compleated.

You may be sure the Fight was well maintained on both sides, while two of the Soldiers, besides the Barber, were slain upon the place, three unhorsed, and the rest wounded. And it was observable, that though the Encounter happened in a Village, where a great number of people were Spectators of the Combate, yet none would adventure the rescue of either Party, as not knowing which was in the wrong, or which in the right, and were therefore wary of being Arbitrators in such a desperate Contest, where they saw the reward of assistance, to be nothing but present Death. After the Combate was over, Mr. *Blood* and his friends divided themselves and parted several ways.

And it was Mr. *Bloods* misfortune to ride all that night and lose his way, nothing but blood and gore all over from Top to Toe, before he could get to his friends house whither he designed, and have the assistance of a Surgeon, which he there obtained. The rest got safe in some few days to their several Sanctuaries.

However, such was the occasion of their departure, and the necessity of their parting without Complements, that several weeks were past before they united again, or knew what became of one another. Such a Coherence there is between the departures of Death it self, and those occasioned by the fear of Death.

So soon as this remarkable Skirmish was over, Mr. *Blood* lay close for a while, there being no less than three hundred pound set upon his head, for a reward to any person that should apprehend him. To which purpose believing he could be no where so safe, as under the disguise of a Doctor, he returned again to his old Sanctuary at *Rumford*, and there fell again to his former practice of Physick.

But whether his active Spirit were impatient of this Quiet, or that the temptations of Opportunities engaged him to new Enterprizes, he seemed now desirous to repair the Damages of his lost Estate, believing that they who either detained, or had disposed of his right (and certain it is that he assumed to himself both Right and Title) ought to make him satisfaction.

To this purpose after several Consultations and Deliberations with himself, Mr. *Blood* comes to Town, and having Mustered to his assistance about five or six persons more, in whose resolution and secrecy he could Confide, it was resolved at length that the person of the Duke of *Ormond* then living at *Clarendon-house*, at the upper end of the Street leading from St. *James's* Palace should be seized, designing to make those advantages of his person, which they had before concluded upon.

This Enterprize being resolved, Mr. *Blood* with five more of his trusty Gang, being well Armed and Mounted, having set the Duke's Coach, upon the sixth of *December*, in the year 1670. at night, and finding he was to pass from St. *James's* through the Long Street to *Clarendon-house* with a very small attendance, they soon secur'd the Flambeaus and Lackeys that carried them, and having stopped the Coach, and made sure of the Driver, they forc'd the Duke out of his Coach, and set him behind one of the Company, who was not then to enquire what he was to do with a purchase of that value, having received his orders

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orders before, to ride through thick and thin with him, till he got to the place appointed, where they would not be long absent from him to have made better and more secure provision for his farther, and more private conveyance.

An attempt which might perhaps have succeeded, had it been made upon a person whose Courage and Valour were not so easie to be quelled. But those vertues meeting in the Duke with a strength proportionable; The stout resistance which he made, and the struggling with his Assailers, gave them no small trouble, and the Duke, the leisure to have the News of the attempt carried to his House, which soon brought the Porter at the Gate to his assistance. The Assailants made away for *Fulham Ferry* where they got over and conveyed themselves to their places of Refuge where they lay concealed, though great rewards were proffered for their apprehension, and a Thousand pound particularly set upon Mr. *Bloods* head, which took no effect, till his next attempt discovered him.

Thus had Mr. *Blood* attempted several ways to repair the losses, which he supposed himself to have sustained, either from the neglect or permission of that Authority, which he thought was concerned to make him satisfaction. One Project yet remained, which he was certain would either make or marr him; if he escaped he thought himself made; if he failed in the attempt, he knew the Enterprize would make such a noise in the world, that he was sure to be another *Herostatus*, and to live in Story for the strangeness, if not the success of his attempts, and to make himself whole by the spoils of the *English* Crown, which though it lay in a safe place, the Tower, he was resolved to fetch from its Sanctuary.

Having therefore resolved upon the fact, the ways of accomplishing the Design were duly consulted. And because such Enterprizes are not to be carried on without accomplices, he made choice of three or four more, who he knew would not flinch from him.

As for his own part, he put himself into the habit of a Doctor of Divinity, with a little Band, a long false Beard, a Cap with Ears, and all those other Formalities of Garb belonging to that Degree, except the Gown, rather choosing to make use of a Cloke as being most proper for his purpose.

Under this disguise he made it his business to get acquainted with the Keeper of the *Regalia*, an Old man; he brought several persons to see the *Regalia*, who were no unprofitable Guests.

He treated and caressed the Keeper at a rate not so much Expensive, as kind and obliging, by which means he had created such a familiarity, and intimacy with the Old man, that he took the Doctor to be no Wolf in Sheeps-clothing, but one of his greatest Friends, inasmuch that the Old man having a Son, and the Doctor pretending to have a Daughter, the two Parents were upon concluding a Match between the young people, which had proceeded so far, that the Doctor and the Keeper gave each other the Appellation of Brother.

The day before the Fact was to be done, the Doctor came and informed the Old man, that he had some friends to go out of Town the next morning, to whom he had promised a sight of the *Regalia* that were in his Custody, and desired he might have the kindness to grati-
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fie their Curiosity, though perhaps the time might be not so seasonable, as being a little too early.

The next morning the Doctor and two more, having prepared their Conveniences of a Wallet and a wooden Mallet, went directly to the Old man's House where the *Regalia* lay, leaving one of their Companions to hold their Horses that staid for them at the Iron Gate.

The Old man no sooner saw his new Brother, the Doctor and his friends, but he was ready to shew them the Civility which the Doctor had requested the day before; and accordingly open'd the Doors where the Treasure lay.

It seems it is the Custom of the Keeper of the *Regalia* when he exposes them to publick view, to lock himself within a kind of Grate or Door with open Bars, to the end those things of high value may be seen but not soyled by the Touch of so many people, as daily came to see those precious Ornaments.

But the Doctor and his Companions were too quick for the Old man, and followed him so close at the Heels, that he had no sooner opened the Door, but they were likewise in with him. Presently they seized the Old man, for whom, though he struggled much to preserve his Reputation and the Charge he had, it was in vain to make a long Resistance, for they had soon put him beyond making a noise, as having received several unkind Knocks with the wooden Mallet.

One of the Company was for killing the Old man outright, but his Brother the Doctor would not permit so great a peice of Barbarism, as being under a disguise that would have rendred the Fact doubly hainous, had he added Murther to Robbery under the Notion of an Ecclesiastical Person.

Having thus got Possession of their Purchase, they made flat the bows of the Crown to make it more Portable, and so having conveyed it into their Wallet, together with the Scepter, and Dove, they began to set forward.

But just in the nick of their Departure, a Son of the Old mans, who had not been in *England* in ten years before (so strange a Providence attends the Discovery of great Crimes) coming to the House to see his Father, and making enquiry where he was, was told he was in the Treasury shewing the *Regalia* to some friends.

Thereupon out of a zealous Impatience of filial Duty to cast himself at his Fathers Knees he flew to the Place, where he was soon surprized with a sight, not more unexpected and amazing, than Sad and Dreadful to behold, his Father weltering in his Blood, and the Royal Treasury Robb'd.

It was no time then to make unnecessary Lamentations, which would have given the Criminals liberty to have Escaped, and therefore with a prompt and ready Courage, knowing the persons again by their Habits as they went out, he presently pursued them, put the Sentinels and other Soldiers upon their duty, by his Out-cries, so that although the Doctor and his friends made all the Resistance they could, as it behoved them; yet all the Resistance they could make was in vain in such a place as that, for both the Doctor and his Accomplices were all taken, but he that held the Horses, who fled upon the Rumour,

Rumour, and the *Regalia* were all recovered again, all bruised and battered, yet without the loss of one Stone, unless it were one which was afterwards found by a poor Sinder-woman, and restored to the Keeper or those appointed in his stead.

This Fact being made known among the people, and aggravated with the Murder of the Keeper, as it was then reported, made a great noise about the Town, so that Mr. *Blood* had received several Sentences before the particulars of the Crime were fully examined.

But the People not being the proper Judges of the Crime, Mr. *Blood* upon his Apprehension, was carried before his Majesty himself, by whom he was examin'd with a Lenity and Moderation not to be paralleled.

It was in vain to deny a Fact so easie to be proved upon him; and therefore he thought it more convenient, and more sutable with his Condition to appear with a resolution, which perhaps would much better have become a nobler Act.

As the Passages of his Examination were known but to few, so they have been but to as few Communicated.

But 'tis to be presumed that a man of his daring and adventurous Courage, was not wanting to himself in the justification, as far as lay in his power, of the offence which he had committed. No question but that he made a full declaration of the wrongs, injuries, and losses which he had sustain'd (and men in such cases will pretend to be the most proper Judges of their own Causes.) and the Disgaces and Disappointments he had met with in *Ireland*.

However it were, his Majesty was graciously pleased to make him a proposition, that could not chose but be welcome to a person under his Circumstances, by asking him this single Question, *What if he should grant him his life?* to which Mr. *Blood* is said to have replied, *That he would endeavour to deserve it.*

How or which way that could be, is a Secret, which it cannot be expected should be here discuss'd, but the Consequences of the whole proceeding, which were his Pardon, not only for himself, and his Followers, or rather Assistants and Accomplices, together with his readmission into his Majesties favour were assured signs that he had given that satisfaction, which if they that received it were willing to accept no person else had reason to misdoubt.

This is evident that soon after *Desborough*, *Relfey*, and others appeared publicly about the Town, coming over from *Holland* and surrendring themselves to his Majesty. Which by whom ever procured, might be thought a good peice of Service at that time, when the two Nations of *England* and *Holland* being embroyled in open Wars, the Conduct and Advice of such Persons might have been of no small prejudice to us, and advantage to the Enemy.

However it was publicly taken notice of that Mr. *Blood* was dayly with the said Persons at the same, at Mr. *White's Coffee-House* behind the *Royal Exchange*, where they met in a Room by themselves. So well and smoothly did Mr. *Blood* both then and since behave himself among those, that are called the Dissenting Party.

But as ingratitude is a Vice that reigns among all sorts of Religions, and all the varieties of Opinions; it is not without good presumptions

thought, that those very people, that in some measure may be said, to have ow'd their lives to his painful endeavours, have since been so unkind as to prove altogether off their duly merited acknowledgments.

What is to be said as to his late troubles there is little, but what is already in Print or the common Town-talk.

He says, or else it is said for him, that he was desired by the woman that keeps the *St. Johns Head, or Heaven-Tavern*, to come and speak with her at such a time.

That upon his coming to her, she told him, that two shabby fellows had been with her sometime before, to tell her that they had something of great Consequence, in reference to the welfare of the publick to reveal, but that they wanted a discreet person to manage it.

That thereupon Mr. *Blood*, made answer that if there were any thing fit to be taken notice of, he would bring them to those that had sufficient Authority to take notice of it, and thereupon promised to meet the persons.

That upon his second coming to speak with the Discoverers, they refused to speak with him, for that understanding he was the person with whom they were to Discourse, they aver'd they would have nothing to do with him, for that he was the Duke of *Buckingham's* friend.

That thereupon, the woman of the House, that Mr. *Blood* might see she had not told him a lie, perswaded one of the persons to shew himself to Mr. *Blood*.

Who to that purpose, as he pass'd by stepped into the Room where Mr. *Blood* was, and going in, told, that he and his fellows had business of great concernment to discover, but could not then by reason of another appointment, and so concluded upon another day.

That Mrs. *Bradley* upon this came to him to his House, and told him she believed the fellows were Rogues and Trapans, and advis'd him to seize them and carry them before a Magistrate.

That Mr. *Blood*, weighing the Consequence of the womans advice, and being inform'd by her of their Lodgings according to the Directions of one Mr. *Curtis*, went to Doctor *Chamberlain* one of the Justices of the Peace for the County of *Middlesex*, and told him the story. Who thereupon not only gave Mr. *Blood* his Warrant, but accompanied him till the Execution of his Warrant.

That two persons were by him apprehended by the names of *Philemon*, *Codan*, and *Samuel Ryther*.

That upon their apprehension, and first Examination severally, before Doctor *Chamberlain*, they seem'd to wonder what he meant when he told them, he heard they knew of a Plot, and wanted a Magistrate to reveal it to.

That thereupon the Justice of the Peace told them all that Mr. *Blood* had told him concerning their Discourse with Mrs. *Bradley*, and their appointment of meeting Mr. *Blood*.

That to this, one of them, viz. *Codan* replied that it was about the Duke of *Buckingham*, who he said ow'd them several hundreds of pounds upon an account of Wages, and that they wanted some body that was able to Cope with him. To whom one *Curtis* standing by, replied, in these words,

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How, did not I hear your say at such a place that you knew of a greater Plot yet undiscovered than either Mr. Oates, or Mr. Bedloe had hitherto made out? to which the said Codan gave no satisfactory answer; and Ryther protested he knew nothing of a Plot, or any thing like it.

That to all this the Doctor urg'd, that it was not to be that any discreet person should be so overseen as to interpose between Master and Servant about Wages, especially so great a person as the Duke was, and therefore that could not be the reason of their meeting at Heaven.

That thereupon one of them starting up in a violent Passion before the Justice of the Peace swore, that he would be revenged upon the Duke of Buckingham, and that he would Swear any thing that could tend to the doing him a prejudice, and that he himself would Swear Sodomy against him.

That upon this the Justice of the Peace having told them that he neither did believe nor would hear any thing relating to the Duke, ask'd them joynly, what was the reason they ran away at the sight of Mr. Blood at Mrs. Bradleys. To which they replied, that they were mistrustful of him, because they had heard he was the Duke's friend.

That thereupon Dr. Chamberlain taking them for impertinent fellows dismissed them, with directions to consider what they had said, and to attend him at such a time at his House, where he would be ready to hear what ever they had to discover concerning any Plot.

That accordingly they came with one Whitaker and Jenks, where Mr. Blood likewise attended. At what time Doctor Chamberlain, asking them the meaning of their former shuffling stories, they replied they had a farther design to carry on for the good of the publick, but would come to no particulars. Whereupon Doctor Chamberlain dismissed them.

That soon after Sir W. W. sent for Mr. Blood to a Tavern in Westminster, whither when he came, he found Ryther, Codan, Whitaker, and Jenks in Sir Williams Company: and what more surpris'd him, he found Ryther and Codan, in a Gentile Equipage, and Alamode accoutrements, whom he looked upon before as very mean Fellows.

That presently then, Sir William told him he was very much troubled for the premunire he had brought himself into; for that Ryther and Codan were come to depose upon Oath, that he had attempted several times to corrupt them with Money, and other Rewards to swear Sodomy against the Duke of Buckingham.

That upon Mr. Blood's making strange of it, Codan started up and confirmed the same.

That thereupon Mr. Blood ask'd them how they could be so impudent, as to invent such a thing against him whom they had never seen but once at Heaven, and another time with Doctor Chamberlain?

That thereupon Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Jenks stood up, and bid Mr. Blood be honest, and just, and Confess. To whom Mr. Blood repli'd, You that have been these two years last employed to Asperse me, and could you find no better invention than this?

That after this, Mr. Blood directing his Discourse to Sir William Waller,

Waller, desired of him to know the meaning of the whole story, which was a thing so unknown to himself. Upon which *Mr. Whitaker* and *Mr. Jenks*, joyntly affirmed *Codan* and *Ryther* to be honest men, and prest *Sir William* for Justice.

That thereupon *Sir William* desired *Mr. Blood* very Civilly to put in Bail; to which *Mr. Blood* replied, that he would consider of it, and so for that time went about his occasions.

That the next morning he went to *Sir William's* House, for a Copy of his *Mittimus*, which at length was granted him.

That the next day he was met by a Constable, who told him he had a Warrant against him from *Sir William Waller*, mistaking a *Mittimus* for a Warrant, and thereupon he went away with the Constable to a Tavern where he continued under restraint of the Constable several hours.

That while he was under Custody, *Sir William* apprehensive of some mistake, as is pretended, sent one of the Witnesses to the Constable, to know how he had disposed of *Mr. Blood*, and whether he had carried him to Prison; Who made answer, that he had not sufficient Authority for so doing, and that *Mr. Blood* might bring him into trouble for so doing, as not having been carried before a Justice of Peace, as he ought to have been first of all.

That thereupon the Witness went back to *Sir William*, and not long after returned to the Constable, and brought him a Warrant to seize *Mr. Blood*, and for want of Bail to carry him to the *Gate-house*.

That upon that Warrant *Mr. Blood* gave in Bail before *Sir William Poultny* to answer the Accusation.

Upon which Accusation *Mr. Blood* with the rest were found Guilty.

The Verdict being given in against them, his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham* lays a great Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* against *Mr. Blood*, whereby he was forced for Refuge to the *Kings Bench*; where I will leave him until the next Term at which time I shall be farther Capacitated to enlarge upon this Subject; and whereas at this time I have acquainted you of things concerning this business only by Report, I shall endeavour to become a more nearer Inspector my self as to what may ensue upon the whole, that in all things I may approve my self,

SIR,

Yours ready to be Commanded,

R. H.

FINIS.

Postscript.

S I R,

I Make no doubt, but as the foregoing account of the most remarkable passages of the Life of Mr. *Blood*, did in some measure satisfy your curiosity; so likewise by what I promised in the conclusion, it left you in expectation of more: And indeed, I resolved to have made what use I could both of my own, and Friends acquaintance with him, to have procured a true information of many other material, though minuter occurrences of so singular a Life; which no man but the person himself was able to give, with the true light of those circumstances that made them, as to him, observable, who seldom or never set about any thing which was not inspired by somewhat above the common principles of conduct: But the last term of humane Life, has prevented the term wherein (as I told you) I hoped to have been capacitated to give you a larger account of that subject; and the Death of that noted man confines now my Relation to what preceded and was subsequent to his end.

I left him in the *Kings-Bench*, into which he had turned himself over by a *Habeas Corpus* from the *Gate-house*; but his stay was not long there, for having given security for his Imprisonment, he returned to his own House in the *Bowling-Alley* in *Westminster*, not far from the House of Sir *William Waller*. When he was thus retired unto the quiet recess of his own private habitation, he began with more than ordinary concern to reflect upon his condition, both as to his personal Reputation, and the interest of his Family; the one he saw extremely blasted, not through any injustice of the Court, but (as he still affirmed) the malice of Enemies; and the other in a probable way of ruine, partly by disappointment from Debtors, especially when he stood most in need of his own; and partly by that heavy and crushing Action of Ten thousand pounds which his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham* thought fit to lay upon him, for his having laid a scandal on a Peer of his Grace's quality.

These dismal thoughts assailing a man of his high spirit, (that by the circumstances he was in then, found no probability of getting out of the mire by his former methods of contriving and daring, but perceived himself in a manner manacled at this time, whereas in all the other exigencies of his life he had constantly trusted to his hands and action) brought upon him a pensive passion of Melancholly, the usual Rock on which great and aspiring Spirits at last split: and the sickly season of the year having fitted his body for the impressions of a discontented mind, he fell sick of a fatal, though no violent distemper.

His sickness lasted fourteen days; during which, he was often visited by some of my acquaintance, and particularly by a Minister that

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went to administer to him what spiritual assistance he found him capable of: This person acquainted me, that he found him apparently in a sedate temper of mind as to the concerns of his Soul, nothing startled at the apprehensions of approaching death; that he told him he had set his thoughts in order, and was ready and willing to obey, when it pleased God to give him the last call; but that he desired not to spend much time in discourse, as being neither suitable to his condition nor humour: And indeed for the remaining time of his sickness (except in ordering his domestick affairs) he seemed always unwilling to be engaged in any conference; but continued in Bed, like one who suffered more under the discipline of a discontented heart, than the violence of any bodily distemper, which many times appeared by those involuntary sighs, that in the intervals, betwixt his frequent slumbers, he was observed to fetch. On *Monday* before his death he was taken speechless, and continued so, in a kind of *Lethargie*, without much motion or action, unless a drowsie heaving and fetching for breath, until *Wednesday* the 24th of *August*, about Three of the Clock in the afternoon, at which time he expired.

It hath been given out by some (according to the manner of this censorious age) that he made use of some Narcotick and stupifying Medicines, either to hasten or facilitate his death; and they would ground their presumptions (for evidence have they none) upon his drowsiness and insensibility during the last days of his sickness: from what cause that torpor proceeded, is the province of Physicians to determine; but that every one who dyes in that manner must have had recourse to Art, I think none dare affirm; and therefore no man ought, on partial conjectures, to judg rashly of one, who had the courage not to despair in the worst circumstances of life, and far less should be thought to do it, on a death-bed of no painful sickness.

An Arrow out of the same Quiver, is another malicious report, that he died a *Papist*; but it would be needless to produce the testimonies of persons beyond exception, who were constantly with him in his sickness to refute this aspersion, since the education, past life, and interest of *Collonel Blood* at this time, may be sufficient to convince all candid and unprejudiced men, that this surmise is but a calumny raised by those enemies of his, who would willingly have had him worse than they could make him.

On *Friday* after his death he was decently interred in the new Chappel by *Tuttle-fields*, near the place where his Wife lies buried, in hopes of a more joyful resurrection than his body soon after met with; For a rumour that came abroad, that some persons had seen Mr. *Blood* alive, and that the report of his sickness, death, and ceremony of his burial, was but a Farce and piece of Pageantry to carry on some design; his Body was on *Thursday* after disinterred, and the Coroner with his Jury appointed to sit upon, and take cognizance of the same. The Coroner accordingly, with his Jury, who are all, or most of them supposed to have known the Collonel, met and viewed the Body; but found his Face so altered and swollen in those Six days it had lodged in the earth, and so few lineaments and features of their old acquaintance, that they could not agree on their Verdict. And though a Captain that was present; and an intimate acquaintance of the deceased

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ceased Collonel, shewed them his Thumb, which by some accident he had received in his life time, had grown to a prodigious bigness, and was taken notice of by all that kept him company; yet the Jury, not thinking it so easie to discover Collonel *Blood* by his Thumb, as it was of old to know *Hercules* by his Foot, demurred upon it, and for what I can hear, have not as yet given in their Verdict.

It is not very strange that lifeless flesh and blood hastening to return to the dust from whence it was taken, and ready to dissolve into putrefaction, should in Six or Seven days be disfigured beyond kenning; but it is somewhat extraordinary, that such a person as Mr. *Blood*, who in all the changes of a restless and shifting life, never wanted a competent subsistence for himself and Family, should at last, after he had weathered the greatest storms of adversity, made many Friends, recovered the favour of his Prince, settled himself and Family in a neat and splendid habitation, and had Money abroad in the World, that such a one, I say, should dye, and have so inconsiderable a Cash by him, that it would be thought too small a *viaticum* for a Forty-miles Journey; and yet this through disappointments was his case, which without doubt added no small weight to the other pressures of mind that first sunk, and at last broke that great heart, which had often despised the danger of many astonishing and bold attempts, in the course of a very singular and remarkable life, of Fifty and three years duration.

Characters of men, *sir*, are best drawn from their actions; and I should be bold to give a judgment of this person, after that you have had a candid relation of the greatest achievements of his life: yet I think it may not be altogether presumptuous, if I offer to assist your Remarks upon the preceding Narrative, by a rough, yet plain representation of the sense that judicious men, who were acquainted with the Collonel better than my self, have had, and still have of his value.

He was a man, in their opinion, fitter to imbroyl than compose a disconcerted Society; to be a mate to some hunting *Nimrod*, rather than an assistant to a peaceful Magistrate; not that he wanted a reach of understanding, and with a prompt comprehension of things a clear and distinguishing judgment; but his ambitious and restless spirit, suitably lodged in a strong and vigorous body, always directed his thoughts to such stirring and active counsels, as not only were inconsistent with temper and mildness, but required a necessary concurrence of undaunted resolution, with plodding sagacity, before they could be brought to effect: And indeed his heart and head clubb'd so equally, and kept so true a pace together in all his undertakings, that if the great things he set about failed of the projected success, yet they were still brought so near an issue, that Providence seemed concerned, by defeating them at the last nick, to make good that Oracle of Scripture, *That God brings to nought the counsels of the wise*. And his designs were generally laid with so much artifice, and managed with that confidence of undertaking, that in all probability, humane and ordinary circumspection was not sufficient to way-lay him in many of his subtil and politick contrivances.

They cannot deny but that there was great obliquity in his morals, since his most noted actions can allow of no other appellation, than
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that of splendid crimes ; but whether the injuries which he always pretended to have received, disjoynted the original rectitude of his nature and education, by bending him to revenge; or that powerful ambition, which seems to be the greatest excess that swayed him, set him upon unusual methods of conduct, it is still certain that he pursued none of those mean and sneaking actions, that leaves an indelible character of ignominy upon those who would be thought Gentlemen, when they trade in the steps of Villains. He was indeed for forbidden game, but never on the Kings High-way, always in Royal Parks and Forrests ; Crowns, Scepters and Government were his booty ; and the surprising of Castles and Vice-Roys his recreation. For compassing those great ends, he had a wonderful Art of insinuating into the affections of the Leaders of all discontented parties ; and maugre the differences or remonstrances of the various persuasions in Religion of those he rallied with, he still won so much upon the minds of the Cabals, that (unless it be of late) he was never suspected by his Party ; though it appeared at his last, that he either fell back, or had in his heart constantly adhered to the Religion wherein he was educated. In sum, *sir*, when they have considered him on every side, in the heat of bustling, and in the cool of his retreat, which seemed only to be his quarter of refreshment, wherein he plotted and laid new trains for action, they think that part of the burlesk Epitaph that was made on Mr. *Prynn*, may very fitly quadrate to this famed man :

*That he went through thick and thin,
Was never out, nor never in.*

And so I shall leave him to his Judge, and reccommend my self to your good wishes ; being

S I R,

Tours

